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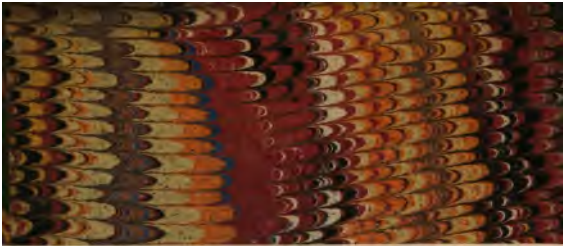
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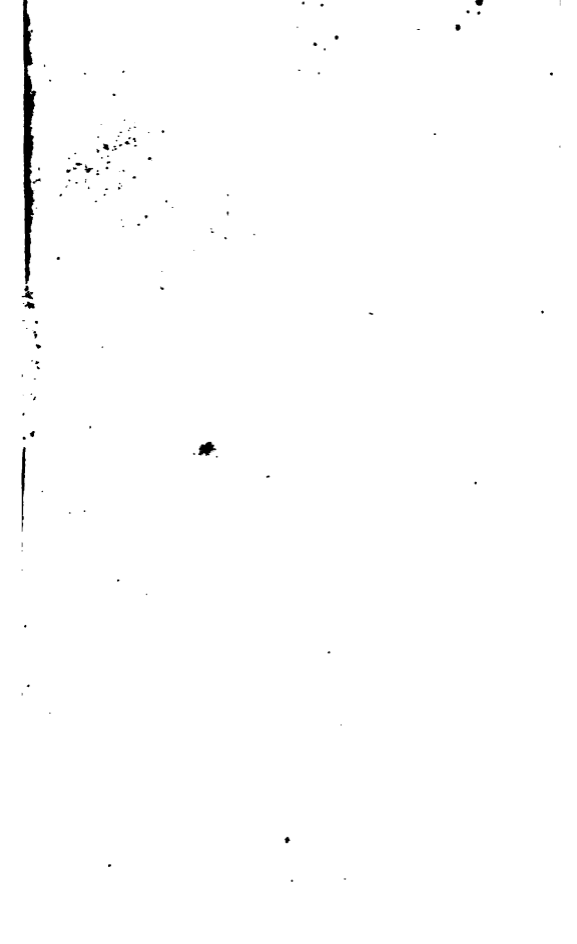
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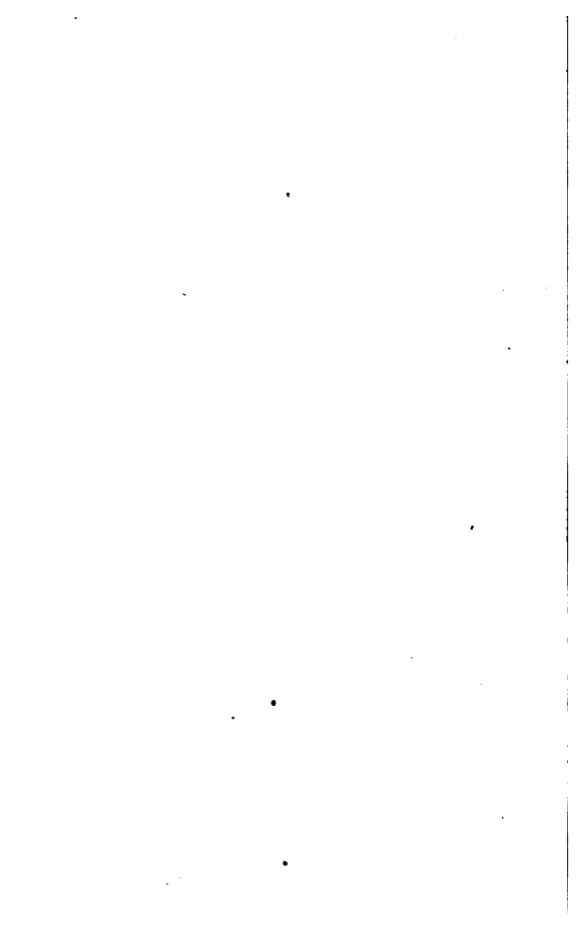
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BRITISH POETS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,
Goswell-Street.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
BRITISH POETS,

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY
THOMAS PARK, F. S. A.

—
VOL. XL.
—

CONTAINING
THE TWO VOLUMES
OF
BURNS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY,
PICCADILLY ; AND SOLD BY
W. SUTTABY, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

—
1808.



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ROBERT BURNS.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY
THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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Printed at the Stanhope Press,
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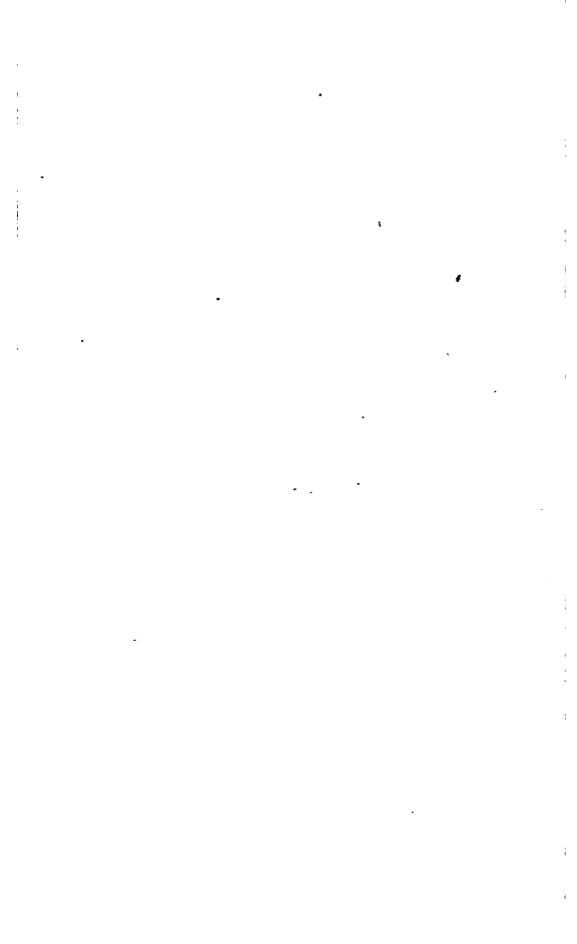
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ENCOMIUM ON BURNS.

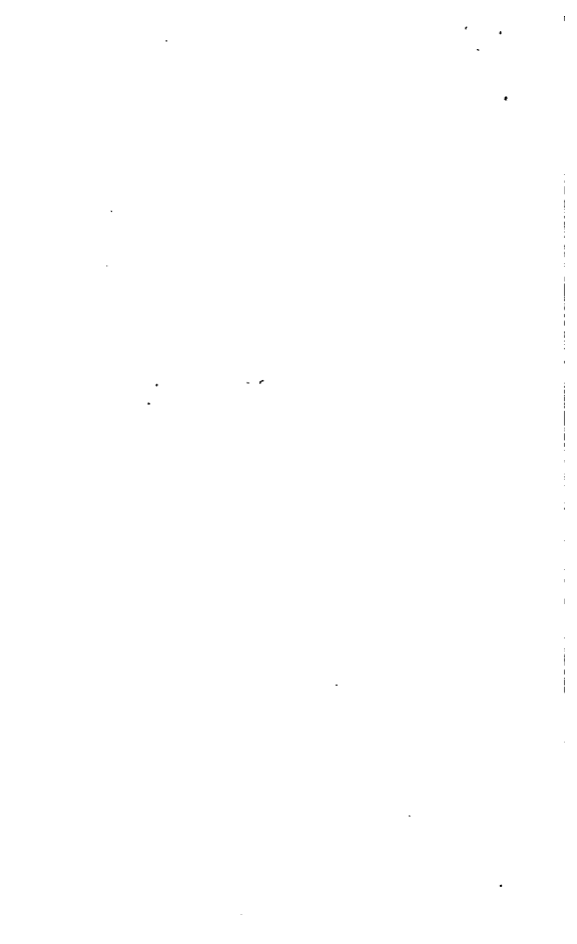
BY

THE REV. JAMES NICOL.

HAIL, BURNS! wha can the heart engage,
Thou shame an' glory o' our age!
Thy strang, expressive, pictur'd page,
 While time remains,
Shall melt with love, or fire with rage,
 Thy native swains.



SCOTISH POEMS.



PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION,

PUBLISHED AT KILMARNOCK.

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, 'a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.' Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least, from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues

of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast, to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence, forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, (whose divine *Elegies* do honour to our language, our nation, and our species) that '*Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!' If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possesser of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired

Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces ; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life ; but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would, in that case, do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A Scottish bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come

to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scotch name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may social Joy await your return! when harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance;

and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness
in the People, equally find you an inexorable
foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude,

and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh,
April 4, 1787.

SCOTISH POEMS.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was kept for his Honor's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipseey's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae doddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang¹,
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a shengh or dyke.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his towzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit ;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents :

¹ Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonnie sitken purse,
 As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but tolling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sicklike trasbtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthlèss elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His honour has in a' the lan':
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough;
 A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and sicklike,
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A snytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they mauu starve o' cauld and hunger;
 But, how it comes, I never ken'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;

An' buirdly chiels, an' clever bizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash :
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches ?

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think ;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink :
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
'They're ay in less or mair provided ;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans, an' faithfu' wives ;
'The prattling things are just their pride,
'That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the kirk and state affairs :
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
 When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest fawsont folk,
 Are riven out, baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha' aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
 ' For Britain's guid!' guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 An' saying aye or no's they bid him:
 An' operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
 To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fetch wi' nowt;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 ' For Britain's guid!' for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a brow estate!
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!

For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folks life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That wheu nae real ills perplex them,
 They make enow themsels to vex them;
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion less will hurt them.
 A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acres till'd he's right enough;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dixzen's done, she's unco weel:
 But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless:
 Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;

An' even their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
'The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debatches ;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracions a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman ;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night :
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6. 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scots bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink :
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease and beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain !

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
 Or reekin on a new-year morning
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare! to see thee fizz an freath
 I' th' lugget caup!
 Then Burnewin¹ comes on like death
 At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the barley-bree
 Cement the quarrel!
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

¹ *Burnewin*—*burn-the-wind*—the Blacksmith.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER ¹

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE
 OF COMMONS.

Dearest of distillation! last and best!—

—How art thou lost!—

Parody on Milton.

Ye Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires
 Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
 An' doucely manage our affairs
 In parliament,
 To you a simple poet's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
 Your honours heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sittin on her a—
 Low i' the dust,
 An' scriechin out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust!

¹ This was written before the act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran²;
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' Graham³;
 An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
 True Campbells, Frederic an' Ilay;
 An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
 An' monie ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Thee, sodga Hugh¹, my watchman stented,
 If bardies e'er are represented;
 I ken if that your sword were wanted,
 Ye'd lend your hand,
 But when there's ought to say anent it,
 Ye're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
 Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
 Ye'll see't, or lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her lost militia fir'd her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair no guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie!)
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her whisky.

² Sir Adam Ferguson. ³ The Duke of Montrose.

⁴ Earl of Eglintoun, then Colonel Montgomery, and representative for Ayrshire.

Auld Scotland has a rauce tongue ;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung ;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part,
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
 Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
 That haunt St. Jamie's!
 Your humble poet sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is,

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
 See future wines, rich clustering, rise ;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blythe and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
 'Tak aff their whisky

What tho' their Phæbus kinder warms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal George's will,
 An' there's the foe,
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
 Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
 Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
 An' when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
 In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemm een may steek,
 An' raise a philosophic reek,
 An' physically causes seek,
 In clime and season;
 But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and whisky gang thegither!
Tak aff your dram!

THE HOLY FAIR¹.

A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hld crafty Observation;
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
 The dirk of Defamation:
 A mask, that like the gorget show'd,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion.
Hypocrisy a-la mode.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walk'd forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air,
 The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin;
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin up the way;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyard lining;
 The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

¹ Holy fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion,

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form an' claes!
 Their visage, wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes:
 The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me;
 I'm sure I've see that bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 Of a' the ten commands
 A screed some day.

' My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae;
 An' this is Superstition here,
 An' that's Hypocrisy,
 I'm gann to * * * * * Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin:
 Gin ye'll go there, you runkl'd pair,
 We will get famous laughin
 At them this day.'

Quoth I, ' With a' my heart, I'll do't;
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 An' meet you on the holy spot;
 Faith we'se hae fine remarkin'!

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An' soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
 Are springin o'er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
 An' farls bak'd wi' butter
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black-Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the slow,
 On ev'ry side they're gathrin,
 Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy blethrin
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra gentry,
 There, racer Jess, an' twa-three wh—res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock
 For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays:
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

O happy is that man an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him!
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom
 Unkend that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation;
 For * * * * * speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t—n.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' * * * * *'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin an' he's jumpin!

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day!

But, hark! the tent has chang'd its voice;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer:
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 ***** opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals;
 An' aff the Godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of moral pow'rs and reason?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;
 For *****², frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate²,
 Fast, fast, that day.

² A street so called, which faces the tent in —.

Wee * * * * *, niets, the guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But, faith the birkie wants à manse,
 So, cannily he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 An' there the pint stowp clatters ;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' logie, an' wi' scripture,
 They raise a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

Leere me on drink ! it gies us mair
 Than either school or college :
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith soul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.

On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin assignations
 To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echoes back return the shouts :
 Black * * * * * is na spairin :
 His piercing words, like highlan swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow ;
 His talk o' h-h-l, where devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow ³
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, an' scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snorin
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismissit :
 How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
 Among the furms an' benches ;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

³ Shakspeare's Hamlet.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!
 O wives, be mindfu,' ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon;
 Some swagger home, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon:
 Wi' faith and hope, an' love an' drink,
 They're a' in famous tune,
 For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses!
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
 As soft as ony flesh is.

The rising moon began to glow
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel ;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin down on Willie's mill,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker ;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' something did forgather,
 That put me in an eerie swither ;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
 Clear-dangling, hang ;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava ;
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

' Guid-een,' quo' I ; ' Friend ! hae ye been mawin,
 When ither folk are busy sawin' ?'
 It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak ;
 At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,
 Will ye go back ?'

¹ This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

It spak right howe,—‘ My name is Death,
But be na’ fley’d.’—Quoth I, ‘ Guid faith,
Ye’re may be come to stap my breath;
 But tent me billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o’ skaith,
 See there’s a gully!’

‘ Gudeman,’ quo’ he, ‘ put up your whittle,
I’m no design’d to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
 To be mislear’d,
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
 Out-owre my beard.’

‘ Weel, weel! (says I) a bargain be’t;
Come, gies your hand, an’ sae we’re gree’t;
We’ll ease our shanks an’ tak a seat,
 Come, gies your news;
This while³ ye hae been mony a gate
 At mony a house.’

‘ Ay, ay!’ quo’ he, an’ shook his head,
‘ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin I began to nick the thread,
 An’ choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
 An’ sae maun Death.

‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin’ I was to the butching bred,

³ An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 To stap or scar me ;
 Till ane Hornbook's ³ ta'en up the trade,
 An' faith, he'll waur me.

' Ye ken Jack Hornbook i' the Clachan,
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !
 He's grown sae well acquaint wi' Buchan ⁴
 An' ither chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin
 And pouk my hips.

' See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
 They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart ;
 But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
 And cursed skill,
 Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 Damn'd haet they'll kill.

' 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundred's slain ;
 But deil-ma-care,
 It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 But did nae mair.

' Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,
 That when I looked to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 Of a kail-runt.

³ This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, was, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula : but, by intuition and inspiration, an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.

⁴ Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

‘ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I nearhand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 But yet the bauld apothecary
 Withstood the shock ;
 I might as weel hae try’d a quarry
 O’ hard whin rock.

‘ Ev’n them he canna get attended,
 Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
 Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
 As soon he smells’t,
 Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells’t.

‘ And then a doctor’s saws and whittles,
 Of a’ dimensions, shapes, an’ mettles,
 A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, an’ bottles,
 He’s sure to hae ;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A B C.

‘ Calces o’ fossils, earth, and trees ;
 True Sal-marinum o’ the seas ;
 The Fariua of beans and pease,
 He has’t in plenty ;
 Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

‘ Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
 Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill’d *per se* ;
 Sal-alkali o’ Midge-tail-clippings,
 And mony mae.

‘ Waes me for Johnny Ged’s Hole⁵ now ;
 Quo’ I, ‘ If that the news be true !
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sae white and bonie,
 Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plew ;
 They’ll ruin Johnie!’

The creature grain’d an eldritch laugh,
 And says, ‘ Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 Kirkyards will soon be till’d enough,
 Tak ye nae fear :
 They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh
 In twa-three year.

‘ Whare I kill’d ane a fair strae death,
 By loss o’ blood or want o’ breath,
 This night I’m free to tak’ my aith,
 That Hornbook’s skill
 Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
 By drap an’ pill.

‘ An honest wabster to his trade,
 Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 When it was sair ;
 The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 But ne’er spak mair.

‘ A countra laird had ta’en the batts,
 Or some curmurring in his guts,
 His only son for Hornbook sets,
 An’ pays him well.
 The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 Was laird himsel.

⁵ The grave-digger.

THE
BRIGS OF AYR.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTINE, ESQ.
BANKER IN AYR.

THE simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn
bush;

The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the
hill;

Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?

Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's generous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantine befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

.....

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up fra skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thundering guns are heard on every side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide
 blaze, [rays.]
 While thick the gossamer waves wauton in the
 'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brough of Ayr,
 By whom inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
 And down by Simpson's¹ wheel'd the left about:
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why :)

¹ A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

The drowsy Dungeon-clock² had number'd two,
 And Wallace Tower² had sworn the fact was true:
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
 All else, was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree:
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

When, lo! on either hand the listening bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the gos³ drives on the wheeling air.
 Ane on the' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
 Our warlock rhymmer instantly descry'd
 The spites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'itual folk;
 Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
 Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face:
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!

² The two steeples.

³ The gos-hawk, or falcon.

Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guideen:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think y'ere nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank !
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
Though faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see ;
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time ?
There's men o' taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream ⁴,
Though they should cast the vera sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk, as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn !
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;

⁴ A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lagar's mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpal⁵ draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna-broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweep dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from Glenbuck⁶, down to the Ratton-key⁷,
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, diel nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threatening jut, like precipices ;
 O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or state unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, }
 And still the second dread command be free, }
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea, }

⁵ The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

⁶ The source of the river Ayr.

⁷ A small landing-place above the large key.

Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Of frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cruifs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection !
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrec-
 tion !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty Deacons, an ye douce Conveeners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers :
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degenerate race !
 Na langer Reverend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story !
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a piut, or in the Council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;

Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new
 Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now hand you there! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise prigginn owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-Sense, for once betray'd
 them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity atept kindly in to aid them.

.....
 What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:

While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
 O had M'Lauchlan⁸, thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with
 Highland rage,

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years :
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
 Then winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild woody coverts hide ;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the towers of Stair :
 Learning and Worth in equal measures rode
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode ;

⁸ A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death ;
 At sight of whom our sprites forgat their kindling
 wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n.—
 To please the mob they hide the little given.

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw
 An' pour your creeshie nations ;
 An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 Of a' denominations ;
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
 An' there tak up your stations ;
 Then aff to B-gb-'s in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder¹ ;
 But O***** aft made her yell,
 An' R***** sair misca'd her ;

¹ Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr. L. to the Laigh Kirk.

This day M^{(*****} takes the flail,
 And he's the boy will blaud her !
 He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to danb her
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor :
 This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

Come let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham² leugh at his Dad,
 Which made Canaan a niger ;
 Or Phineas³ drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
 Or Zipporah⁴, the scaldin jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That Stipend is a carnal weed
 He takes but for the fashion ;

² Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22. ³ Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.

⁴ Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.

And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them na day.

Now auld Kilmarnock cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' runts o' grace the pick and wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Na mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
 To think upon our Zion ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 O, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

Now R***** harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever :
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a shaver ;
 Or to the N-th-rt-n repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

M***** and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones :
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons :
 And ay' he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons :
 But now his honour manna detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
 She's swingein thro' the city ;
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow its unco pretty :
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common-Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie
 Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin onions !
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 M*****, R*****, are the boys,
 That heresy can torture;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoysel,
 And cow her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,
 To every New Light ^s mother's son,
 From this time forth, confusion:
 If mair they dèave us with their din,
 Or patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.

^s New Light is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. ———, ON HIS TEXT,
MALACHI, CH. IV. VER. 2.

*'And they shall go forth, and grow up like calves of
the stall.'*

RIGHT, sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though heretics may laugh;
For instance; there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco calf!

And should some patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a stirk.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly power,
You e'er should be a stot!

Though, when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the nowte.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 ' Here lies a famous Bullock !'

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

Oh Prince! Oh Chief of many throned powers,
 That led the embattl'd Seraphim to war—

MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
 Spairges about the brustane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 An' let poor damned bodies be;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 E'n to a deil,
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fattie;
 Far kend and noted is thy name;
 An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy bame,
 Thou travels far;
 An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirling the kirks ;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks. .

I've heard my reverend graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my graunie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman !
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each brist'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
 By your direction,
An' nighted travellers are allur'd
 To their destruction.

An' aft your moss traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkie
 Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage munn stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were paird,
 An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
 In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, sic-drawing dog!
 Ye came to Paradise incog,
 An' play'd on man a curs'd brogue,
 (Black be your fa!)
 An' gied the infant warld a shod,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bias,
 Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gins,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thral,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl,
 Was wurst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael¹ did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wag ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme,

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit ;
But, faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben !
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' you den,
Ev'n for your sake !

¹ Vide Milton, Book VI.

THE
**DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR
 MAILIE,**

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
 Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
 There groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When Hughoc ¹ he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
 He saw her days were near-hand ended,
 But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
 He gaped wide, but naething spak;
 At length poor Mailie silence brak.—

' O, thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
 My dying words attentive hear,
 An' bear them to my master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep,
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 O, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
 But ca' them out to park or hill,
 An' let them wander at their will;
 So may his flock increase, an' grow
 To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo!

¹ A neibor herd-callan.

' Tell him, he was a master kin',
 An' ay was guid to me and mine;
 An' p~~ow~~ my dying charge I gie him,
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel;
 An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
 Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

' An' may they never learn the gaets
 Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
 To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
 At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,
 For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
 O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
 An', if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins in his breast!
 An' warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither mensless, graceless, brutes.

' An' niest my yowie, silly thing,
 Gude keep the frae a tether string!
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:

An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

' Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether.
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blether.'
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een among the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

TO J. S****.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
 Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
 I owe thee much.——

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the sleest, pankie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
 And every star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoons
 Just gaun to see you;
 And every ither pair that's done,
 Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
 She's turn'd you off, a human creature
 On her first plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote, the Man.

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows!
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
 Just now we're living sound and hale,
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave care o'er side!
 And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks hours like minates, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield:
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's spee'd,
 See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi' you to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason;
 But surely *dreams* were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep than he imagined himself transported to the birth-day levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address.]

GUID-MORNIN to your Majesty!
 May Heav'n augment your blisses,
 On every new birth-day ye see,
 A humble poet wishes!
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth-sight to see,
 Among thae birth-day dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony a lord and lady;
 'God save the king!' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay;

The poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor:
 So, nae reflection on your grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter;
 There's monie waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sovereign king,
 My skill may weel be doubted:
 But facts are cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed:
 Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation!
 But, faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester;
 For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges;
 But, G-d-sake! let na saving-fit
 Abridge your bonie barges
 An' boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection;
 An' may he rax corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection!
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your Queen, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great birth-day.

Hail, Majesty most excellent!
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye?

Thae bonie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling saïls,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver ;
 So ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their clishmaclaver :
 There, him ¹ at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John ²,
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

For you, right rev'iend Oshabrug,
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Altho' a' ribban at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer :
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trowth ! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

¹ King Henry V. ² Sir John Falstaff ; *vide* Shakspeare.

Young, royal Tarry Breaks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious galley², stem an' stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple ahn,
 An', large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty :
 But sneer na British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant ay ;
 An' German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want ay
 On onie day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
 Your unco muckle dautet ;
 But ere the course o' life be through,
 It may be bitter sautet :
 An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clantet
 Fu' clean that day.

² Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST ¹.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play
 An' hunger'd maekin taen her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And whan the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smee,
 The auld clay biggin;
 An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae-thing,
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

¹ *Duan* is a term in Ossian for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

A ' hair-brain'd sentimental trace'
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beem'd keen with honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a leg ; my bonie Jean
 Could only peer it ;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand ;
And seem'd to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost :
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
 With surging foam ;
There, distant shone art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
'There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds :
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough rear'd her head :
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern:
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race² heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour³, mark him well !
 Bold Richardton's⁴, heroic swell ;
 The chief on Sark⁵ who glorious fell,
 In high command ;
 And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

² The Wallaces.

³ William Wallace.

⁴ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

⁵ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1418. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade ⁶
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong ;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove ⁷,
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
 In musing mood)
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe ⁸
 The learned sire and son I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward ⁹ I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;
 Who call'd on fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a patriot-name on high
 And hero shone.

⁶ Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

⁷ Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

⁸ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

⁹ Colonel Fullarton.

‘ And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

‘ Hence Fullarton, the brave and young ;
 Hence Dempster’s zeal-inspired tongue ;
 Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His Minstrel-lays ;
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The sceptic’s bays.

‘ To lower orders are assign’d
 The humbler ranks of human-kind,
 The rustic bard, the labouring hind,
 The artisan ;
 All choose, as various they’re inclin’d,
 The various man.

‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threat’ning storm some, strongly, rein ;
 Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 With tillage-skill ;
 And some instruct the shepherd-train,
 Blythe o’er the hill

‘ Some hint the lover’s harmless wile ;
 Some grace the maiden’s artless smile ;
 Some soothe the labourer’s weary toil,
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

‘ Yet all beneath the’ unrivall’d rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Tho’ large the forest’s monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

‘ Then, never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And trust me, not Potosi’s mine,
Nor kings’ regard,
Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect ;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

‘ And wear thou this’—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head ;
The polish’d leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,**OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.**

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither ;
 The rigid righteous is a fool,
 The rigid wise anither :
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebour's fauts and folly !
 Whase life is like a well-gaun mill,
 Supply'd with store o' water,
 The heaped happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce wisdom's door
 For glaikit folly's portals ;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What maks the mighty differ?
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That privity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop :
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It maks an unco leeway.

See social life and glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
 Debauchery and drinking :
 Oh, would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences ;
 Or your more dreadful hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Ty'd up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor frailty names,
 Suppose a change o' cases ;
 A dear lov'd lad, convenience sung,
 A treacherous inclination—
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang ;
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving ~~why~~ they do it :
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they see it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON'S¹ ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

Has auld K***** seen the Deil?
 Or great M*****² thravn his heel!
 Or R*****³ again grow weel,
 To preach an' read?
 ' Na, waur than a!' cries ilka chiel,
 ' Tam Samson's dead !'

K***** lang may grunt an' grane,
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
 An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed ;
 To death, she's dearly paid the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead !

The brethren of the mystic *level*
 May hing their head in wofu' bevel,

¹ When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, ' the last of his fields ;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

² A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the Ordination, stanza ii.

³ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the Ordination, stanza ix.

While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the lodge an unco devel :
 Tam Samson's dead !

When winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the cock,
 Tam Samson's dead ?

He was the king o' a' the core
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time of need ;
 But now he lags on death's hog-score,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And eels well ken'd for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice ye birring paitricks a' ;
 Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw ;
 Ye mankins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ankles fetters ;
 In vain the burns came down like waters,
 An acre braid!
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 ' L—d, five !' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger ;
 Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld gray stane, among the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Where Burns has wrote, in rhymin' blether,
 ' Tam Samson's dead !'



THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMPSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him !
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie ¹,
 Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskait'h'd by death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Sampson's livin.

¹ Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.

HALLOWEEN¹.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.]

UPON that night, when fairies light,
 On Cassilis Downans² dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;

¹ Is thought to be night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

² Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
 ♦ There, up the cove ³, to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonnie, winding banks
 Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where Bruce ⁴ ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 An' shook the Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 And haud their Halloween
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine ;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabbs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin
 Whiles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks ⁵ mann a' be sought ance ;
 They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes an' straught anes,

³ A noted cavern near Colean House, called The Cove of Colean; which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

⁴ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

⁵ The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
 The vera wee things, todlin, rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;
 An' gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' canni care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their stalks o' corn ⁶ ;
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :

stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with : its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune ; and the state of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

⁶ They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kiutlin in the fause-house ⁷
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits ⁸
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads and lasses fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chinlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is Jock, an' this is me,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd ower her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part ;
 Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

⁷ When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a fause-house.

⁸ Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ;
 An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie :
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swear by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't :
 Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel :
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clue ⁹ throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

⁹ Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *wha hauds?*

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d ! but she was quakin !
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me, graunnie ?
 I'll eat the apple ¹⁰ at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnie.'
 She suff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notic't na, an aizie brant
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

' Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !
 How daur you try sic sportin,
 As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune :
 Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight* !
 Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret
 On sic a night.

i. e. who holds; and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

¹⁰ Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass: eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb

‘ Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
 I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,
 I was a gilpey then, I’m sure
 I was na past fyfteen :
 The simmer had been cauld an’ wat,
 An’ stuff was unco green ;
 An’ ay a rantin kirn we gat,
 And just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

‘ Our stibble-rig was Rab M’Graen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 His sin gat Eppie Sim wi’ wean,
 That liv’d in Achmacalla :
 He gat hemp-seed ¹¹, I mind it weel,
 An’ he made unco light o’t ;
 But monie a day was by himsel,
 He was sae sairly frighted
 That vera night.’

Then up gat fetchtin Jamie Fleck,
 An’ he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck ;
 For it was a’ but nonsense ;

your hair all the time ; the face of your conjugal companion *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

¹¹ Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, ‘ Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.’ Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ‘ come after me, and shaw the,’ that is, show thyself ; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ‘ come after me, and harrow thee.’

The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin :
 The graip he for a harrow taks,
 An' haurls at his curpin :
 An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 ' Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, and draw thee
 As fast this night.'

He whistled up Lord Lenox' march,
 To keep his courage cheary ;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumb'l'd wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
 An' hear the sad narration :
 He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or cronchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
 An' wha was it but Grumphie
 Asteer that night !

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen,
 To win three wechts o' naething ¹²;
 But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
 Syne bauldly in she enters:
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 An' she cry'd L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
 They hecht him some fine brow ane;
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice ¹³,
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin;

¹² This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the being, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wetch; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

¹³ Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a beat-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of

He tak a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes came haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlen;
 But och! that night, among the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
 Whare three laird's lands met at a burn¹⁴,
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimp't;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit nderneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazle,
 Unseen that night.

the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

¹⁴ You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon :
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three¹⁵ are ranged,
 And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin Mar's-year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 An' unco tales, an' fuunie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary ;

¹⁵ Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty : blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

Till butter'd so'ns ¹⁶, wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night,



THE

AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD
 MARE MAGGIE; ON GIVING HER THE ACCUS-
 TOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW
 YEAR.

A GUID New-year I wish thee, Maggie !
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
 Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
 A bonny gray :
 He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
 Ance in a day.

¹⁶ Sowens with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

A WINTER NIGHT.

◆

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these?—

SHAKSPEARE.

◆

WHEN abiting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-darkening thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee!

Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,

My heart forgets,

While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,

Rose in my soul,

When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

' Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !

And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !

Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !

Not all your rage, as now united, shows

More hard unkindness, unrelenting,

Vengeful malice unrepenting,

Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows !

See stern oppression's iron grip,

Or mad ambition's gory hand,

Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,

Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !

Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,

Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,

How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide ;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.
Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly honour's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden-innocence, a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
Perhaps, this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
blast!

O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to
sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drift
heap!

Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles GOD.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE¹,

A BROTHER POET.

January, —.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;
 How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't;
 But Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier:

¹ David Sillar, author of a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect.

‘ Mair spier na, no fear na’²,
 Auld age ne’er mind a feg,
 The last o’t, the warst o’t,
 Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e’en
 When banes are craz’d, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 Ev’n then, sometimes we’d snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.

The honest heart that’s free frae a’
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba’,
 Has ay some cause to smile,
 And mind still, you’ll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma’;
 Nae mair then, we’ll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa’.

What tho’, like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal’?
 Yet nature’s charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please, then,
 We’ll sit and sowth a tune;
 Syne rhyme till’t, we’ll time till’t,
 And sing’t when we hae done.

Its no in titles nor in rank ;
 Its no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 Its no in makin muckle mair :
 Its no in books ; its no in lear ;
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart ay's the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil,
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless, and fearless
 Of either heav'n or hell!
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.

They gie the wit of age to youth ;
They let us ken oursel ;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I ;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien' ;
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean !
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name :
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame !

O' all ye pow'rs who rule above !
O Thou, whose very self art love !
Thou knows't my words sincere !
The life-blood streaming through my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast,

Thou Being, All-seeing,
 O, hear my fervent pray'r ;
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow ;
 Long since this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Dayie or my Jean.

O, how that name inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit :
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty wizen'd hide.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE¹

AULD NIBOR,

I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter;
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair;
 For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 To chear you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 An' gif its sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin the words to gar them clink;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons;
 An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

¹ Prefixed to the Poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan ;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin' :
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's ay a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie !
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Hand to the Muse, my dainty Davie :
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud. The text notes that without reliable records, it would be difficult to track the flow of funds and identify any irregularities.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific procedures that must be followed when recording transactions. It details the requirements for the format and content of records, including the need for clear, legible entries and the inclusion of all relevant details such as dates, amounts, and descriptions. The document also stresses the importance of regular audits and reconciliations to ensure that the records are up-to-date and accurate.

3. The third part of the document addresses the issue of data security and the protection of sensitive information. It highlights the risks of data loss or unauthorized access and provides guidelines for implementing robust security measures. These measures include the use of secure storage systems, access controls, and regular backups to ensure that the data remains safe and available.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the role of technology in modern record-keeping. It explores the benefits of using digital systems for storing and managing records, such as improved efficiency and the ability to search and retrieve information more easily. However, it also notes the challenges associated with technology, such as the need for ongoing maintenance and the potential for system downtime.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key points and offers recommendations for organizations to ensure compliance with the requirements. It encourages a proactive approach to record-keeping, with regular training and updates to procedures to stay current with best practices and regulatory changes.

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BURNS.

A wae'fu' wanderer seeks thy toyt
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

Lord Gregory.

Drawn by Rich^d Worsall R.A.

Engraved by Anst. Gordon



LORD GREGORY.

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar ;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonie Irwine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for ay be mine ;
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !

X

WINTER,**A DIRGE.**

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

‘ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast ¹ ;
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest’s howl, it sooths my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

‘ Thou Pow’r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil ;
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are *Thy* Will !
 Then all I want (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.’

¹ Dr. Young.

THE
COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.
GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise :
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 The' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher
 through

To meet their Dad, wi' fletcherin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnity,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, among the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unmotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view :
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
 ' An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;

An' O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the LORD
 aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd, the mother hears, its nae wild,
 worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the
 lave.

O, happy love! where love like this is found!
 O, heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
 wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care; [air.
 And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name:
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame,
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of GOD on high;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How *he*, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounc'd by
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing'¹;
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:

¹ Pope's Windsor Forest.

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That HE who stills the ravens clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
 springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of GOD :'
 And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

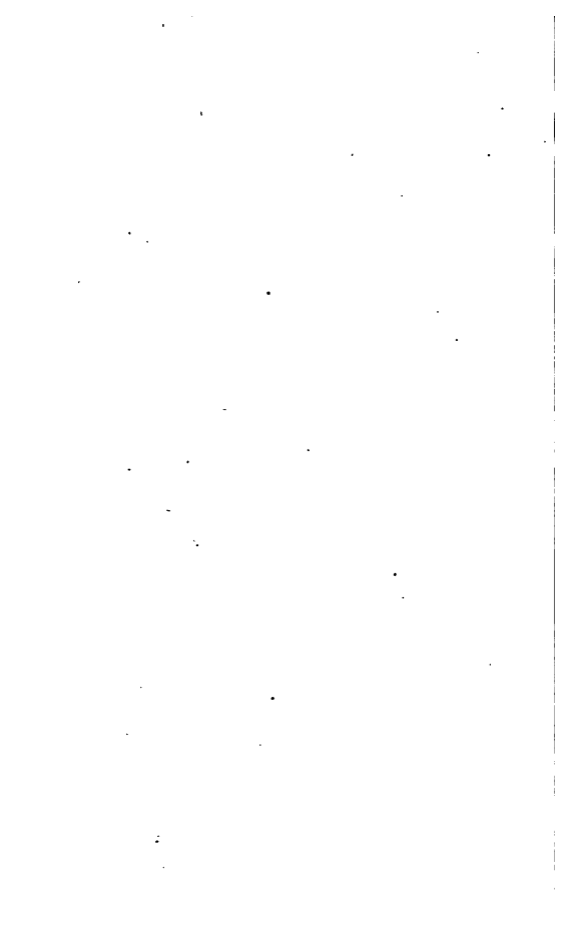
O Scotiâ! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
 content!

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd
 Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted
 heart;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die—the second glorious part;
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

END OF VOL I.





THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ROBERT BURNS.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY
THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S. A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

—♦—
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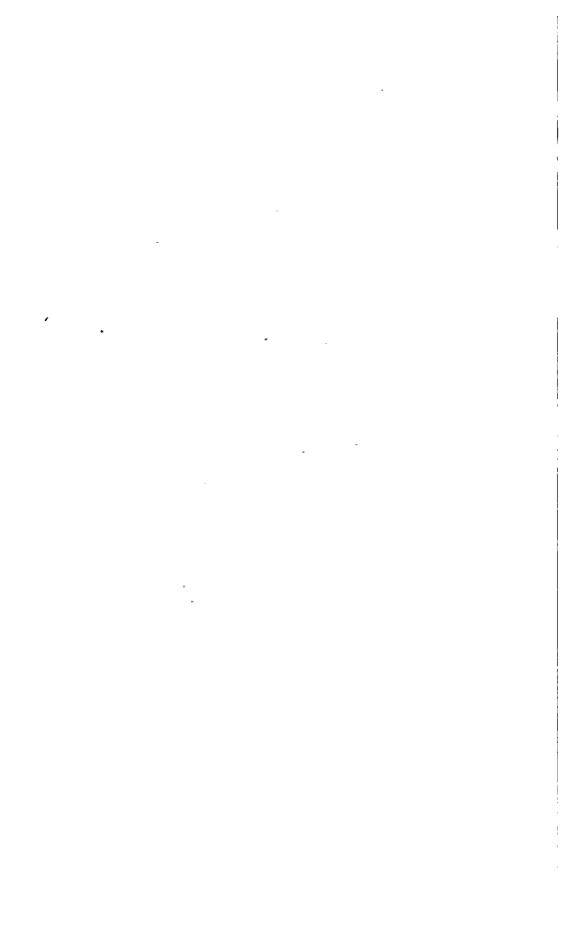
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SCOTISH POEMS.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN
APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble, birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou ghinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou beneath the random field
 O' clod or stabe,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Umseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To misery's brink,
 Till wrench'd of every stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked :
But och, mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted ;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
Its rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer ;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical disteetion ;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it :
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that ay be your border :
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondance fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear amiable youth !

Your heart can ne'er be wanting !

May prudence, fortitude, and truth,

Erect your brow undaunting !

In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'

Still daily to grow wiser :

And may you better reek the rede,

Than ever did th' adviser.

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,

A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,

A' ye wha live and never think,

 Come mourn wi' me !

Our Billie's gien us a' jink,

 An' owre the sea,

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,

Wha dearly like a random-splore,

Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,

 In social key ;

For now he's taen anither shore,

 An' owre the sea !

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,

And in their dear petitions place him :

The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,

 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;

For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him

 That's owre the sea !

Jamaica bodies, use him well,
An' hap him in a cozie biel :
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 And fou' o' glee ;
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
 That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing Billie !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the sea !

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
 As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead,

His knife see rustic labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright
 Like onie ditch;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin, rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost on they drive,
 Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums;
 Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
 Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
 Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner !

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit;
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whistle;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thistle.

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
 That jumps in luggies;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a *Haggis!*

~~SCOTISH POEMA.~~

A DEDICATION.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye're surnam'd like *his* grace,
 Perhaps related to the race;
 Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
 For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's no flatt'rin,
 Its just sic poet, an' sic patron.
 The poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The patron, (sir, ye maun forgive me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On every hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What aince he says he winna break it;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd:
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fall his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
 It naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on Penotaxi,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 Its no thro' terror of d-m-n-ti-on;
 Its just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bana,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a brother to his back;
 Steal thro' a winnock fra a wh-re,
 But point the rake that tak's the deor;

Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
 And hand their noses to the grunstane,
 Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
 No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
 For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror;
 When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath;
 When ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just frets 'till Heav'n commission gies him:
 While o'er the harp pale misery moans,
 And strikes the ever-deepening tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgot my dedication;
 But when divinity comes cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, sir, to You:
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say:

For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
 But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
 That kens or hears about you, sir—

‘ May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
 Howl through the dwelling o' the *Clerk!*
 May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
 For that same generous spirit smart!
 May K*****'s far honour'd name
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till H*****'s, at least a dizen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.' }

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion,
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which pow'rs above prevent!)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK

AN OLD SCOTISH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
 An' paitrick's sraichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien'
 I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt ;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At sang about.

There was ae sang, among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife :
 It thirl'd the heartstrings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ough describes sae weel,
 What generous, manly bosoms feel ;
 Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 Or Beattie's wark !'
 They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
 And sae about him there I spier't,
 Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
 He had ingine,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
 An' either dounce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
 He had few matchea.

Then up I gat, an' swore an aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
 Or die a cadger pownie's death,
 At some dyke-back,
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the crambo-jingle fell,
 Tho' rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
 But just a rhymers, like, by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?'
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
 If honest nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoofs,
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My nose, though hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Ferguson's, the bauld and slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be
 If I can hit it!
 That would he lear enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;
 But friends and folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me,
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair;
 May be some ither thing they gie me
 They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To cheer our heart;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

TO THE SAME.

April 21st, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
 An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
 To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
 Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten hours bite,
 My awkart muse sair pleads and begs,
 I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezled hizzie,
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
 This month an' mair,
 That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
 An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
 'Conscience, (says I) ye thowless jad!
 I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly ;
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 An' thank him kindly !'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumple in the ink :
Quoth I, ' Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it ;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove I'll prose it !'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof ;
But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Come, kittle up your moorland-harp
 Wi' gleesome touch !
Ne'er mind how fortune waft an' warp :
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow !

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer

 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A Bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

' O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
 Thro' Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!

Were this the charter of our state,
 ' On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 Bat, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 An' none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless meevfu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl
 The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
 In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
 Each passing year!

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

POSTSCRIPT.

MY memory's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this new-light ¹,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewing,
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefls gat up an' wad confate it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

¹ See note, vol. i. p. 63.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
 For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
 The herds an' hissels were alarm'd:
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' auld light caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-and-stowe,
 Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,
 Ye'll find ane plac'd;
 An' some, their new-light fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin ;
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin ;
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girmin spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns !
 Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 An' stay ae month amang the moons
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
 An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the new-light billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
 But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brukie.

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

INCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin',
 Your dreams¹ an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
 Straight to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Its just the blue-gown badge an' claithing
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I,

¹ A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for an' mair ;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect,
 Yon sang², ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
 I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' saird the king,
 At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a patrick to the grun,
 A bonnie hen,
 An' as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
 I strakit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
 But, deil-ma-care !
 Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot ;
 I was suspected for the plot ;
 I scorn'd to lie ;
 So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

² A song he had promis'd the author.

JOHN BARLEYCORN¹,**A BALLAD.**

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

¹ This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise,
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
 'Twill heighten all his joy :
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand ;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A FRAGMENT.

Tune, 'Gilliecrutie.'

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,
 And did our helms thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man :
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;
 An' did nae less, in full congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man :

But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
 Was kept at Boston ha', man ;
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man :
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid christian blood to draw, man ;
 But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man.
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
 But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
 Began to fear a fa, man ;
 And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German chief to thrav, man :
 For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game ;
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man :

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For North an' Fox united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa,' man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair faux pas, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man !
 While sleet Dundas arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, ' Willie, rise !
 Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man.
 An' Caledon threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man :
 An' swear fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
 To make it guid in law, man.

SONG.

Tune, 'Corn rigs are bonnie.'

It was upon a Lammis night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early ;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley :
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely :
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS,

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, 'I had a horse, I had nae mair.'

Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
 Amang the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring hern the fountains :

Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can he as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !

SONG.

Tune, ' My Nanie, O.'

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill ;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O ;
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses, O.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han'
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na' for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteeie, O !
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

SONG.

Tune, ' Jockey's grey breeks.'

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS ¹.

And maun I still on Menie ² doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's likè a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
 And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
 And maun I still, &c.

¹ This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.

² Menie is the common abbreviation of Marianne.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

Come, winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me !

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

THE FAREWELL,

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune, ' Goodnight, and joy be wi' you a'.'

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Though I to foreign lands must lie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light:
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw;
 Strong memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
 The glorious architect divine!

That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

ELEGY

ON

CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS
 HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright;
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless heavenly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

THE EPITAPH.

**STOP, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.**

**If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man ;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.**

**If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart ;
For Matthew was a brave man.**

**If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man ;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.**

**If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man ;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man !**

**If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.**

If thou hast wit, and fun and fire,
 And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
 This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
 For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
 May dool and sorrow be his lot,
 For Matthew was a rare man.



LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

x

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea:
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring;
 The mavis wild wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest:
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Mann lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine :
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave;
 And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

LAMENT

FOR

JAMES EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
 Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mouldering down with years;
 His locks were bleached white with time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting through their caves,
 To echo bore the notes along.—

‘ Ye scatter’d birds that faintly sing
The relics of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a’ the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye’ll charm the ear and e’e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

‘ I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

‘ I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
I bear alane my lade o’ care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

‘ And last, (the sun of a’ my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country’s pride, his country’s stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a’ the ‘ life of life’ is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

' Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
 The voice of woe and wild despair !
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence ever mair !
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

' In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, invol'd me round ;
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found :
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustic song,
 Became alike thy fostering care.

' O ! why has worth so short a date ?
 While villains ripen grey with time !
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime !
 Why did I live to see that day ?
 A day to me so full of woe ?
 O ! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low !

' The bridegroom may forget, the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee :
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me !

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownys and of Bogills full is this buke.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken bhellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
 And ay the ale was growing better ;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious ;
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—

Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches Tam mann ride ;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dnb and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;

And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
 Before him doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear na evil ;
 Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light :
 And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels,
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—

Coffins stood round, like open presses ;
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa-span lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blade red-rusted ;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth an fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans
 A' plump and strapping in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
 Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fa' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on Carrick shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pand Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour ;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang),
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, ' Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
 And in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When, ' Catch the thief!' resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane¹ of the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :

¹ It is a well-known tradition that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

EPITAPH

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE sowter * * * * in death does sleep ;
 To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

EPITAPH

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
 O death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
 Into thy dark dominion !

EPITAPH

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnnie!
An' here his body lies fu' low——
For saul he ne'er had ony.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

THE
HUMBLE PETITION

OF BRUAR WATER ¹ TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF
 ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know, your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowrin trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As poet Burns came by,
 That, to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :

¹ Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes.
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir:
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow;
 The robin pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow:

This too a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm;
 And coward mankin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form:

Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care :
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watry bed !
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !

So may through Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be—'Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses !'

ON THE :

BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY
 DISTRESS.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a pray'r,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na' move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form ;
 And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gies the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw.

May HE, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.



ENGLISH POEMS.



ENGLISH POEMS.

THE LAMENT,

OCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe.
HOME.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:

My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
 Ah! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
 The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
 The oft attested powers above :
 The promis'd Father's tender name :
 These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown :
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone !
 And must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth !
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth ;
 Her way may lie through rough distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share and make them less ?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.

That breast how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room!
 Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns the' approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe:
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er the' expanse,
 Now highest reigns't, with boundless sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wandering, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!

From every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sickening scenes appear !
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are plied,
 They bring their own reward :

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night
And joyless morn the same,
You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wandering, meandering,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!

He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchange'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age!



BURNS.

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream,
Vol. I. Afton Water.

Drawn by Rob^t Hartill R.A.

Engraved by N. Johnson



AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

TO

MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
 Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

' Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
 Began the reverend sage;
 ' Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?
 Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man.

' The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

' O man ! while in thy early years
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway !
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

' Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn.

' A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh ! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn ;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

' Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !

And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

' See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

' If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

' Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn !

' O death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong ;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All-Good ! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

X

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene!
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms!
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
 Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
 Fain promise, never more to disobey;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
 Again in folly's path might go astray:
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling power assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in the' allowed line;
 O, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S¹ HOUSE ONE
NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph, sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway.

¹ Dr. Laurie, then minister of the parish of London.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

*A PRAYER,***UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.**

**O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.**

**Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distress ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.**

**Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !**

**But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine !**

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES

OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend,
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command ;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ;
Again thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
Return ye into naught !'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep ;
 As with a flood thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
 In beauty's pride array'd ;
 But long ere night cut down it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.



TO RUIN,

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my dearest tye,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then lowering, and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread ;
 Though thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

And thou grim power, by life abhor'd,
 While life a pleasure can afford,

Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mouldering in the clay?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face;
 Enclasped, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,
 JANUARY 1, 1787. —

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
 Their annual round have driv'n,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The infant year to hail;
 I send you more than India boasts,
 In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove
 An Edwin still to you!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat legislation's sovereign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy trade his labours plies;
 There architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendor rise;
 Here justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod;
 There learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail;
 Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind;
 Above the narrow, rural vale;
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
 Or modest merit's silent claim;
 And never may their sources fail!
 And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn ;
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair Burnet ¹ strikes the' adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the Sire of love on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar :
 Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar.
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd the' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears;
 I view that noble, stately dome;
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wandering roam !
 Though rigid law cries out, ' 'twas just !'

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :

¹ The lovely and accomplished daughter of Lord Monboddo.

Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where *your* fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat legislation's sovereign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

SONG.

Tune, ' Roslin Castle.'

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn
 By early winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

SONG.

Tune, ' Gilderoy.'

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :

But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more!
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

SONG.

Tune, 'Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly.'

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman or soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,
 For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
 I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the 'squire on his brother—his horse;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
 But see you the crown how it waves in the air,
 There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make:
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid
 down
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
 black gown;
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

! Young's Night Thoughts.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE.

ON WITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always loar.

As youth and love with sprightly dance
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her siren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;
 Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait :
 Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.
 As the shades of evening close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;

As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminatè with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on thy mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just and kind, and wise,
There solid, self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep:
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ———, OF ———.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation, mark!
 Who in widow weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonour'd years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace? }
 Note that eye, its rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took—but never gave.
 Keeper of mammon's iron chest, }
 Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest! }

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
 (Awhile forbear, ye torturing fiends,)
 Seest thou whose step, unwilling hither, bends?
 No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
 'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 'Tēn thousand glittering pounds a year?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
 While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
 The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

 TO

ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF FINTRA.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest :)
 Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign!
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground :
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 The' ev'nom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—

Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
 In all the' omnipotence of rule and power.—
 Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure ;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
 Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard !
 A thing unteachable in this world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
 No heels to bear him from the opening dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur.
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears the' unbroken blast from every side :
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monros ;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockhead's daring, into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the' unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on through life.
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,

Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's }
 rage !

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest ;
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder ' some folks do not starve.'
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that ' fools are fortune's care.'
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)

O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
 Fintra, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
 Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD,

OF WHITEFORD, BART.

WITH THE 'LAMENT FOR JAMES EARL OF
 GLENCAIRN.'

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
 Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly
 fear'st,
 To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The friend thou valued'st; I, the patron, lov'd;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world un-
 known.

ON SEEING

A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye ;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains :
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest ;
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless
fate:

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,**ON CROWNING HIS BUST****AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS. 1800.**

WHILE virgin spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While summer with a matron grace
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade :

While autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet poet of the year !
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

EPITAPH

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the generous friend.
 The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
 ' For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side '.

*EPITAPH*

FOR R. A. ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much-lov'd, much-honour'd name!
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

¹ Goldsmith.

EPITAPH

FOR G. H. ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here G——*n* sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd:
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be sav'd or d——d!



INSCRIPTION

TO THE MÈMORY OF FERGUSSON.



HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET,

Born September 5th, 1751—Died 16th October, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
 ' No storied urn nor animated bust,'
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,**A VERY YOUNG LADY.**

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED
TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never, reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor ev'n Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But ah ! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
 To hope may be forgiv'n ;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair,
 So much in sight of Heav'n.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR
 FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms :
 Death tears the brother of her love.
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew-
 The morning rose may blow ;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

ON SCARING

*SOME WATER FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT;*A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF
OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace,
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels:

But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

**OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE PARLOUR OF
THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.**

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
The' outstretching lake, imbosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side;
The lawns wood-fring'd, in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

.....
Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

.....
Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;

And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds :
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch
her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR
LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream re-
sounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

THE WHISTLE.**A BALLAD.**

AS the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
 I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda¹; still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
 ‘This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland get o’er,
 And drink them to hell, sir! or ne’ersee me more!’

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur’d, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew ou the Whistle his requiem shrill:

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
 He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
 No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d;
 Which now in his house has for ages remain’d;
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renew’d.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
 Craigdarrock, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in old coins;
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
 Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
 And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

‘By the gods of the ancients! (Glenriddel replies)
 Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
 I’ll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More²,
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times o’er.’

¹ See Ossian’s Caric-thura.

² A chieftain of the M’Leod family, who kept a horn of a quart measure in his hall, which those who aspired to a

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
 But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
 Said, 'toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
 And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.'

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ; [fame,
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely
 dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
 And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
 A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
 And every new cork is a new spring of joy ;
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were
 wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
 Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted she'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

connection with his clan were compelled to drink off at a draught, in proof of their belonging to his doughty race. See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

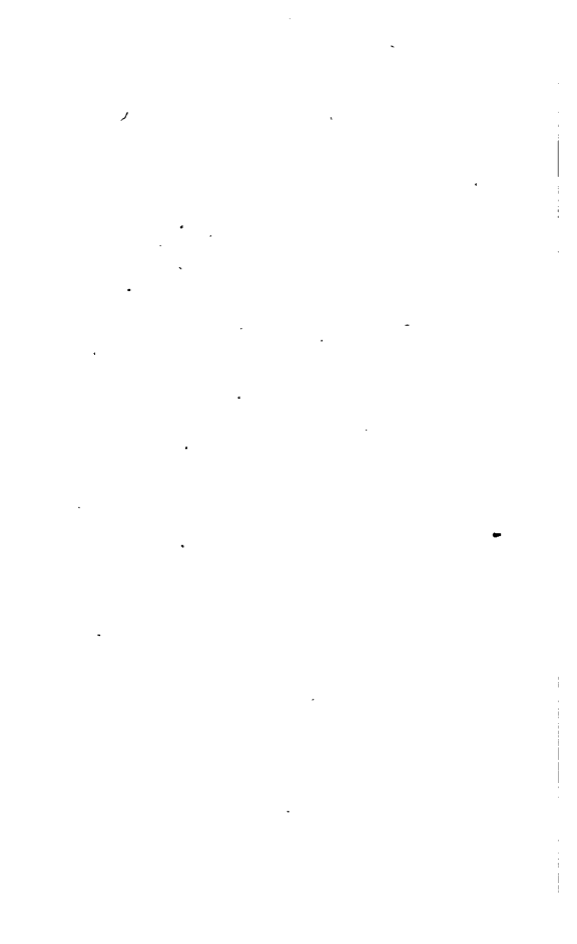
Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly, would wage ;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ?
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light ;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight,

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink :—
‘ Craigdarroch, thou’st soar when creation shall sink !
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

‘ Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
Bruce :

Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !’



GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* muta after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A', All.

Aback, away, aloof.

Abcigh, at a shy distance.

Aboon, above, up.

Abread, abroad, in sight.

Abreed, in breadth.

Ae, one.

Aff, off; *Aff*, loof, unpremeditated.

Afore, before.

Aft, oft.

Aften, often.

Agley, off the right line, wrong.

Aiblins, perhaps.

Ain, own.

Airl-penny, earnest-money.

Airn, iron.

Aith, an oath.

Aits, oats.

Aiver, an old horse.

Aizle, a hot cinder.

Alake, alas!

Alane, alone.

Akwart, awkward.

Amast, almost.

Amang, among.

An', and, if.

Ance, once.

Ane, one, and.

Anent, over against.

Anither, another.

Ase, ashes.

Asklent, asquint; aslant.

Asteer, abroad, stirring.

Athart, athwart.
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
Aul lang syne, older time, days of other years.
Auld, old.
Auldfarran, or *auld far-rant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

BA, Ball.
Backets, ash boards.
Backlins, comin', coming back, returning.
Bad, did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainie, having large bones, stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Bareft, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like harm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawk, bank.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.
Bear, barley.

Beastie, dimin. of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence or parlour.
Benlmond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
Bie, or *Bield*, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building, a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch.
Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blastic, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blasher, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.
Bleert and blin, bleared and blind.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blellum, idle talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly, nonsense.
Bleth'rin, talking idly.

- Blink*, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits.
- Blinker*, a term of contempt.
- Blinkin*, snirking.
- Blue-gown*, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
- Bluid*, blood.
- Bluntie*, snivelling.
- Blupe*, a shred, a large piece.
- Bock*, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
- Bocked*, gushed, vomited.
- Bodle*, a small gold coin.
- Bogles*, spirits, hobgoblins.
- Bonnie*, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
- Bonnock*, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack, or loaf made of oatmeal.
- Boord*, a board.
- Boortree*, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of baru-yards, &c.
- Boost*, behoved, must needs.
- Bore*, a hole in the wall.
- Botch*, an angry tumour.
- Bouk*, vomiting, gushing out.
- Bousing*, drinking.
- Bow-kail*, cabbage.
- Bowt*, bended, crooked.
- Brachens*, fern.
- Brae*, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
- Braid*, broad.
- Braign't*, reeled forward.
- Braik*, a kind of harrow.
- Brainge*, to run rashly forward.
- Brak*, broke, made insolvent.
- Branks*, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
- Brash*, a sudden illness.
- Brats*, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
- Brattle*, a short race, hurry, fury.
- Braw*, fine, handsome.
- Brawlyt*, or *brazlie*, very well, finely, heartily.
- Braxie*, a morbid sheep.
- Breastie*, dimin. of breast.
- Breastil*, did spring up or forward.
- Breckan*, fern.
- Breef*, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
- Brecks*, breeches.
- Brent*, smooth.
- Brewin*, brewing.
- Brie*, juice, liquid.
- Brig*, a bridge.
- Brunstane*, brimstone.
- Brisket*, the breast, the bosom.
- Brithcr*, a brother.
- Brock*, a badger.
- Brogue*, a hum, a trick.
- Broo*, broth, liquid, water.
- Broose*, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
- Brugh*, a burgh.
- Bruilzie*, a broil, a combustion.
- Brunt*, did burn, burnt.
- Brust*, to burst, burst.
- Buchan-bullers*, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
- Buckskin*, an inhabitant of Virginia.
- Bught*, a pen.
- Bughtin-time*, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
- Buirldy*, stout made, broad-built.
- Bum-clock*, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.

- Bummin*, humming as bees.
Bummle, to blunder.
Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, dimin. of birds.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, water, a rivulet.
Burncain, i. e. burn the wind, a blacksmith.
Biernie, dimin. of burn.
Buskie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Busks, dresses.
Busle, a hustle, to hustle.
Buss, shelter.
But, bot, with.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted.
Byke, a bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-stable, a shippen.
- C
- Ca'*, To call, to name, to drive.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or *caddie*, a person, a young fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.
Cannie, or *cannie*, gentle, mild, dextrous.
Cannitie, dextrously, gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
Carecrin, cheerfully.
- Carl*, an old man.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
Chiel, or *cheel*, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlic*, a fire-grate, fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *claes*, clothes.
Claih, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Clavcos, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
Claupt, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.

- Cleekit*, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, who rings the church-bell.
Clips, sheers.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
Coazin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, dimin. of cog.
Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Colus, a Pietish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish:—also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.
Corbies, a species of the crow.
Core, corps, party clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
- Cotter*, the inhabitant of a cothouse, or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cove.
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop: a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
Cowpit, tumbled.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, snug.
Cosily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation, to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house, in old husbandry.
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.
Crank, the noise of an un-greased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Crouselly, cheerfully, courageously.

- Crowdie*, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
- Crowdie-time*, breakfast-time.
- Crowlin*, crawling.
- Crummock*, a cow with crooked horns.
- Crump*, hard and brittle; *spoken of bread*.
- Crunt*, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
- Cuif*, a blockhead, a ninny.
- Cummock*, a short staff with a crooked head.
- Curchie*, a curtesy.
- Curler*, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
- Curlie*, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
- Curling*, a well-known game on the ice.
- Curmurring*, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
- Curpin*, the crupper.
- Cushat*, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
- Cutty*, short, a spoon broken in the middle.
- D.
- DADDIE*, a father.
- Daffin*, merriment, foolishness.
- Dasht*, merry, giddy, foolish.
- Daimen*, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
- Dainty*, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
- Dales*, plains, valleys.
- Darklins*, darkling.
- Daud*, to thrash, to abuse.
- Daur*, to dare.
- Daurt*, dared.
- Daurg*, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
- Davoc*, David.
- Dawd*, a large piece.
- Dawtit*, or *dawtct*, fondled, caressed.
- Dearies*, dimin. of dears.
- Dearthfu'*, dear.
- Deave*, to deafen.
- Deil-ma-care!* no matter! for all that!
- Delcricit*, delirious.
- Describe*, to describe.
- Dight*, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
- Dight*, cleaned from chaff.
- Dights*, cleans.
- Ding*, to worst, to push.
- Diinna*, do not.
- Dirl*, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
- Dizzen*, or *dis'n*, a dozen.
- Doited*, stupified, hebetated.
- Dolt*, stupified, crazed.
- Donsic*, unlucky.
- Dool*, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn.
- Doos*, doves.
- Dorty*, saucy, nice.
- Douce*, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
- Doucely*, soberly, prudently.
- Dought*, was or were able.
- Doup*, backside.
- Doup-skelper*, one that strikes the tail.
- Dour and din*, sullen, sallow.
- Doure*, stout, durable, sullen; stubborn.
- Douser*, more prudent.
- Dow*, am or are able, can.
- Dowff*, pithless, wanting force.
- Dowie*, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
- Downa*, am or are not able, cannot.
- Doylt*, stupid.
- Drap*, a drop, to drop.
- Draping*, dropping.
- Dreep*, to ooze, to drip.

Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drome, part of a bag-pipe.
Droop, rump't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, wet.
Drounting, drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed; raw.
Drun't, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dush't, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E

E' E, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
E' enin, evening.
Eerie, frighted, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ettle, to try, attempt.
Eydent, diligent.

F.

F.A', fall, lot, to fall.
Fa's, does fall, waterfalls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown.

Fairin, a fairing, a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fasht, troubled.
Fastereen-ecn, Fastens Even.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frighted.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin, fighting.
Feck, many, plenty.
Fecket, waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feckly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Fede, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
Fen, successful struggle, fight.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Fertie, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittenly.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Pittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.

- Fizz**, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
- Flainen**, flannel.
- Fleech**, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
- Fleech'd**, supplicated.
- Fleechin**, supplicating.
- Fleesh**, a fleece.
- Fleg**, a kick, a random blow.
- Flether**, to decoy by fair words.
- Fletherin**, flattering.
- Fley**, to scare, to frighten.
- Flichter**, to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
- Flickering**, to meet, to encounter with.
- Flinders**, shreds, broken pieces.
- Flingin-tree**, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a stall.
- Flisk**, a fret at the yoke.
- Fliskit**, fretted.
- Flitter**, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
- Flittering**, fluttering, vibrating.
- Flunkie**, a servant in livery.
- Foord**, a ford.
- Forbears**, forefathers.
- Forbye**, besides.
- Forfairn**, distressed, worn out, jaded.
- Forfoughten**, fatigued.
- Forgather**, to meet, to encounter with.
- Forgie**, to forgive.
- Forjesket**, jaded with fatigue.
- Fother**, fodder.
- Fou'**, full, drunk.
- Foughten**, troubled, harassed.
- Fouth**, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
- Fow**, a bushel, &c. also a pitchfork.
- Frac**, from.
- Freath**, froth.
- Frien'**, friend.
- Fu'**, full.
- Fud**, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
- Fuff**, to blow intermittently.
- Fuff't**, did blow.
- Funnie**, full of merriment.
- Fur**, a furrow.
- Furn**, a form, bench.
- Fyke**, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
- Fyle**, to soil, to dirty.
- Fy'tt**, soiled, dirtied.

G

- GAB**, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly.
- Gaber-lunzie**, an old man.
- Gadman**, ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
- Gae**, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, or *ga'n*, gone; *gaun*, going.
- Gaet**, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
- Gang**, to go, to walk.
- Gar**, to make, to force to.
- Gar't**, forced to.
- Garten**, a garter.
- Gash**, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
- Gashin**, conversing.
- Gaucy**, jolly, large.
- Gear**, riches, goods of any kind.
- Geck**, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
- Ged**, a pike.
- Gentles**, great folks.
- Geordie**, a guinea.
- Get**, a child, a young one.
- Ghaist**, a ghost.
- Gie**, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
- Giftie**, dimin. of gift.

- Giglets*, playful girls.
Gillie, dimin. of gill.
Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsy, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaikitt, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Gawky, half witted, foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like a glass.
Glaund, aimed, snatched.
Gleck, sharp, ready.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint, to squint; *a-gley*, off at a side, wrong.
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.
Glowred, looked, stared.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany, *gowany-glens*, daisied, dales.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowff'd, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
- Grane*, or *grain*, a groan, to groan.
Grain'd and gaunted, groaned and grunted.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the *gree*, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippet, caught, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's goat, to play a losing game.
Gronsome, loathsomely, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.
Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-mornin, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.
Guidfather, *guidmother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.

Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.

H.

- HA'*, hall.
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had, *the participle*.
Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses; and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal, or *hald*, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hume, home.
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmass, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Han', or *haun'*, hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
- Hash*, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to bold.
Haughs, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
Hauri, to drag, to peel.
Haurin, peeling.
Haverel, a half-witted person, half-witted.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Heapit, heaped.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech! oh! strange.
Hecht, promised to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
Helm, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
Hilch, a hobble, to halt.
Hilchin, halting.
Himsel, himself.
Hiney, honey.

Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
Hitcht, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, hussy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*.
Hog-shouter, a kind of horse play, by jostling with the shoulder; to jostle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nutshell, pease swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hosts, coughs
Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvey, blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, dimin. of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.
Howkin, digging.

Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoys, a pull upwards.
Hoys, to amble crazily.
Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
Hushion, cushion.

I.

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grand-child.
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fire-place.
Ise, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

J.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.

Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to juttle.

K.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; *kend* or *ken't* knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known.
Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool.
Kiaugh, carking, anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin', kindred.
Kin', kind.
Kintra, cooser, country stallion.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred.

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, likely.

Kittlin, a young cat.

Kiuttle, to cuddle.

Kiuttlin, cuddling.

Knaggie, like *knags*, or points of rocks.

Knappin, a hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Knowe, a small round hillock.

Knurl, dwarf.

Kye, cows.

Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to discover, to shew oneself.

L.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.

Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.

Luigh, low.

Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.

Laith, loath.

Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.

Lallans, Scottish dialect.

Lambie, dimin. of lamb.

Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.

Lan', land, estate.

Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myself alone.

Lanely, lonely.

Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.

Lap, did leap.

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.

Laverock, the lark.

Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.

Lawlan, lowland.

Lea'e, to leave.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Lea-rig, grassy ridge.

Lear, (pronoun) lare, learning.

- Lee-lang*, live-long.
Leesome, pleasant.
Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, gelded.
List, sky.
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a waterfall, precipice.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Loan, or *loanin*, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Looves, plural of leaf.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose.
Lows'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
- Luntin*, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.
- M.
- MAE*, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mailen, farm.
Mallie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage-house, where the minister lives.
Mantele, a mantle.
Mark, marks. (*This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words, sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.*)
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing.
Meere, a mare.
Meickle, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.

Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.

Messin, a small dog.

Midden, a dunghill.

Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.

Mim, prim, affectedly meek.

Min, mind, remembrance.

Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.

Minnie, mother, dam.

Mirk, *mirkest*, dark, darkest.

Misca', to abuse, to call names.

Misca'd, abused.

Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.

Mistek, mistook.

Mither, a mother.

Mixtie-martie, confusedly mixed.

Moistify, to moisten.

Mony, or *monie*, many.

Moop, to nibble as a sheep.

Moorlan, of or belonging to moors.

Morn, the next day, to-morrow.

Mou, the mouth.

Moudiwort, a mole.

Mousie, dimin. of mouse.

Muckle, or *mickle*, great, big, much.

Musie, dimin. of muse.

Muslin-kail, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.

Mutchkin, an English pint.

Mysel, myself.

N.

NA', no, not, nor.

Nae, no, not any.

Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.

Naig, a horse.

Nane, none.

Nappy, ale, to be tipsy.

Negleckit, neglected.

Neebor, a neighbour.

Neuk, nook.

Niest, next.

Niece, the fist.

Niecw's, handful.

Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.

Niger, a negro.

Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.

Nit, a nut.

Norland, of or belonging to the north.

Notic't, noticed.

Nowte, black cattle.

O.

O', of.

Ochels, name of mountains.

O haith, O faith! an oath.

Ony, or *onie*, any.

Or, is often used for *ere*, before.

O't, of it.

Ourie, shivering, drooping.

Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves.

Outlers, cattle not ho sed.

Ower, over, too.

Owre hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.

Painch, paunch.

Patrick, a partridge.

Pang, to cram.

Parlc, speech.

Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

Pat, did put, a pot.

Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

- Pauky*, or *pawkie*, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, peeling.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.
Praise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pint, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put.
Placad, a public proclamation.
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.
Plackless, penniless, without money.
Platie, dimin. of plate.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent.
Poortith, poverty.
Pou, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare, or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Pouthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powther, or *pouther*, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, printing.
Prie, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
- Priggin*, cheapening.
Prinsie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provoses, provosts.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Pyle, a *pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.
- Q.
- QUAT*, to quit.
Quak, to quake.
Qucy, a cow from one to two years old.
- R.
- RAGWEED*, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-fecz'd, fatigued, over-spread.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Raploch, *properly*, a coarse cloth, *but used as an ad-noun for coarse*.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
Raught, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Reck, to heed.
Rede, counsel, to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Rec, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Remead, remedy.

- Requite*, requited.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
Restricket, restricted.
Rew, repent.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; *runin*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the rock, or *distaff*.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
Roon, a shed.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Routhic, plentiful.
Row, to roll; to wrap.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, or *routh*, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing.
Rozel, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name; the book so called; sorrow.
- S.
- SAE*, so.
Soft, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore.
Sairy, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served,
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
- Saugh*, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scaith, to damage, to injure, injury.
Scar, to scar, a scar.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scawl, a scold.
Scon, a kind of bread.
Sconner, a loathing, to lothe.
Skraich, to scream, as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Scrivee, to glide swiftly along.
Scrivein, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a *body's sel*, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send, send it.
Servan', servant.
Settlin, settling; to get a *settlin*, to be frighted into quietness,
Sets, *sets off*, goes away.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
Shaw, to shew, a small wood in a hollow place.

Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank; to think one's
 selk nae sheep-shank, to
 be conceited.
Sherra-moor, Sherriff-moor,
 the famous battle fought in
 the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
Shugh, a ditch, a trench, a
 sluice.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at
 one side.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor'd, offered.
Shouter, the shoulder.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skaith, see *Scaith*.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skep, to strike, to slap; to
 walk with a smart tripping
 step; a smart stroke.
Skepi-limmer, a technical
 term in female scolding.
Skepin, stappin, walking.
Skiegh, or *skeigh*, proud,
 nice, high mettled.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to
 deviate from truth.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an
 oblique direction.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.
Slac, sloe.
Slade, did slide.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a
 fence.

Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Slidderly, slippery.
Skype, to fall over, as a wet
 furrow from the plough.
Slypet, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder, met-
 tle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collec-
 tion of small individuals.
Snapper, stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Sneck, latch of a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawing, trick, contriv-
 ing.
Snick, the latchet of a door.
Snool, one whose spirit is
 broken with oppressive sla-
 very; to submit tamely; to
 sneak.
Snoove, to go smoothly and
 constantly, to sneak.
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a
 dog, horse, &c.
Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
Sonsie, having sweet engaging
 looks, lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a sigh, a sound dying
 on the ear.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of oat-
 meal, the seeds of oatmeal

- soured, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
- Soup*, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
- South*, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
- Sowther*, solder, to solder, to cement.
- Spae*, to prophesy, to divine.
- Spaul*, a limb.
- Spairge*, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
- Spawiet*, having the spavin.
- Speat*, or *spate*, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
- Speel*, to climb.
- Spence*, the country parlour.
- Spier*, to ask, to inquire.
- Spier't*, inquired.
- Splatter*, a splutter, to splutter.
- Sploughan*, a tobacco-pouch.
- Splore*, a frolic, a noise, riot.
- Sprattle*, to scramble.
- Spreckled*, spotted, speckled.
- Spring*, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
- Sprit*, a tough rooted plant, something like rushes.
- Sprittie*, full of sprits.
- Spunk*, fire, mettle, wit.
- Spunkie*, mettlesome, tery; *will-o-wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*.
- Sputtle*, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
- Squad*, a crew. a party.
- Squatter*, to flutter, in water, as a wild duck, &c.
- Squattle*, to sprawl.
- Squeel*, a scream, a screech, to scream.
- Stacher*, to stagger.
- Stack*, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
- Staggie*, the diminutive of stag.
- Stalwart*, strong, stout.
- Stant'*, to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
- Stane*, a stone.
- Stank*, did stink; a pool of standing water.
- Stap*, stop.
- Stark*, stout.
- Startle*, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
- Staumrel*, a blockhead, half-witted.
- Staw*, did steal, to surfeit.
- Steck*, to cram the belly.
- Steckin*, cramming.
- Steek*, to shut, a stitch.
- Steer*, to molest, to stir.
- Steeve*, firm, compacted.
- Stell*, a still.
- Sten*, to rear as a horse.
- Sten't*, reared.
- Stents*, tribute, dues of any kind.
- Stey*, steep; *steyst*, steepest.
- Stibble*, stubble; *stibble rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
- Stick an stow*, totally, altogether.
- Stile*, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
- Stimpart*, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
- Stirk*, a cow or bullock a year old.
- Stock*, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
- Stockin*, stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
- Stooked*, made up in shocks as corn.

Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.

Stot, an ox.

Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.

Stoure, dust, more particularly, dust in motion.

Stowlin, by stealth.

Stown, stolen.

Stoyte, stumble.

Strack, did strike.

Strae, straw; to die a fair *strae death*, to die in bed.

Straik, did strike.

Straikit, stroked.

Strappan, tall and handsome.

Straught, straight.

Streck, stretched, to stretch.

Striddle, to straddle.

Stroan, to spout, to piss.

Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.

Studdie, an anvil.

Stumpie, dimin. of stump.

Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.

Sturt, trouble; to molest.

Sturtin, frightened.

Sucker, sugar.

Sud, should.

Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.

Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.

Swaird, sword.

Swall'd, swelled.

Swank, stately, jolly.

Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.

Swap, an exchange, to barter.

Swarf, swoon.

Swat, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.

Swats, drink, good ale.

Sweaten, sweating.

Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.

Swoor, swore, did swear.

Swinge, to beat, to whip.

Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.

Swith, get away.

Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.

Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.

Tae, a toe; *thres tae'd*, having three prongs.

Tairge, target.

Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.

Tamtallan, the name of a mountain.

Tangle, a sea-weed.

Tap, the top.

Tapetless, heedless, foolish.

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.

Tarrow't, murmured.

Tarry-brecks, a sailor.

Tauld, or *tald*, told.

Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young person.

Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.

Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.

Teat, a small quantity.

Tedding, spreading after the mower.

Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.

- Tent*, a field pulpit, head caution, take heed.
Tentic, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tough, tough.
Thack, thatch; *thack an rape*, clothing, necessaries.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieoless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirted, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng, a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tiae, to lose; *tint*, lost.
- Tinkler*, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippenoe, two-pence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.
Toop, a ram.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-housse.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope.
Townond, a twelve-month.
Towzie, rough, shaggy.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyle, to tattle like old age.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trowsers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Trysted, appointed; to *tryste*, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
Twad, it would.

Twal, twelve; *twal-pennie* worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth.
N. B. *One penny English* is 12*d.* Scotch.

Twin, to part.

Tyke, a dog.

U.

UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.

Uncos, news.

Unkenn'd, unknown.

Unslicker, unsure, unsteady.

Unskath'd, undamaged, un-
hurt.

Unweeting, unwotting, un-
knowingly.

Upo', upon.

Urchin, a hedge-hog.

V.

VAP'RIN, vapouring.

Vera, very.

Virl, a ring round a column,
&c.

W.

WA', wall; *wa's*, walls.

Wabster, a weaver.

Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a
pledge.

Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe, sorrowful.

Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas!
O the pity!

Wast, the cross thread that
goes from the shuttle thro'
the web; woof.

Waifu', walling.

Wair, to lay out, to expend.

Wale, choice, to choose.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

Walie, ample, large, jolly;
also an interjection of dis-
tress.

Wame, the belly.

Wamefu', a belly-full.

Wanchansie, unlucky.

Waneresfu', restless.

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, a tool to work
with.

Wart, or *warld*, world.

Warlock, a wizzard.

Warly, worldly, eager on
amassing wealth.

Warran, a warrant, to war-
rant.

Warst, worst.

Warst'd, or *warst'd*, wrest-
led.

Wastrie, prodigality.

Wat, wet; *I wat*, *I wot*, I
know.

Water-brose, brose made of
meal and water simply,
without the additions of
milk, butter, &c.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waught, draught.

Waukit, thickened as fullers
do cloth.

Waukrife, not apt to sleep.

Waur, worse, to worst.

Waur't, worsted.

Wean, or *weanie*, a child.

Wearie, or *weary*; *many a*
wearie body, many a differ-
ent person.

Weason, weasand.

Weaving the stocking. See
Throwing the stocking, page
148.

Wee, little; *wee things*, little
ones; *wee bit*, a small
matter.

Weel, well; *weelfare*, wel-
fare.

Weet, rain, wetness.

Weird, fate.

We'se, we shall.

Wha, who.

Whaizle, to wheeze.

Whalpit, whelped.

GLOSSARY.

- Whang*, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado.
- Whare*, where; *Whare'er*, wherever.
- Whcep*, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-whcep*, small-beer.
- Whase*, whose.
- Whatreck*, nevertheless.
- Whid*, the motion of a hare, running but not frighted, a lie.
- Whidden*, running as a hare or coney.
- Whigmeleeries*, whims, fancies, crotchets.
- Whingin*, crying, complaining, fretting.
- Whirtigiums*, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
- Whistle*, a whistle, to whistle.
- Whisht*, silence; to hold one's *whisht*, to be silent.
- Whisk*, to sweep, to lash.
- Whiskit*, lashed.
- Whitter*, a hearty draught of liquor.
- Whunstone*, a whinstone.
- Whyles*, whiles, sometimes.
- Wi'*, with.
- Wick*, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
- Wicker*, willow (the smaller sort).
- Wiel*, a small whirlpool.
- Wife*, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
- Wimple*, to meander.
- Wimpl't*, meandered.
- Wimplin*, waving, meandering.
- Win*, to win, to winnow.
- Win't*, wiuded, as a bottom of yarn.
- Win'*, wind; *win's*, winds.
- Winna*, will not.
- Winnock*, a window.
- Winsome*, hearty, vaunted, gay.
- Wintle*, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
- Winze*, an oath.
- Wiss*, to wish.
- Withoutten*, without.
- Wizen'd*, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
- Wonner*, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
- Wons*, dwells.
- Woo'*, wool.
- Woo*, to court, to make love to.
- Woodie*, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows.
- Woocer-bab*, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
- Wordy*, worthy.
- Wurset*, worsted.
- Wow*, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
- Wraek*, to tease, to vex.
- Wraith*, a spirit, a ghost: an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
- Wrang*, wrong, to wrong.
- Wreeth*, a drifted heap of snow.
- Wud-mad*, distracted.
- Wumble*, a wimble.
- Wyle*, beguile.
- Wyliccoat*, a flannel vest.
- Wyte*, blame, to blame.

Y.

- YE*; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
- Yearns*, longs much.
- Yearlings*, born in the same year, coevals.

<i>Year</i> , is used both for singular and plural years.	<i>Yill</i> , ale.
<i>Yell</i> , barren, that gives no milk.	<i>Yird</i> , earth.
<i>Yerk</i> , to lash, to jerk.	<i>Yokin</i> , yoking, about.
<i>Yerkit</i> , jerked, lashed.	<i>Yont</i> , beyond.
<i>Yestreen</i> , yesternight.	<i>Yoursel</i> , yourself.
<i>Yett</i> , a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.	<i>Yowe</i> , an ewe.
	<i>Yowie</i> , dimin. of yowe
	<i>Yule</i> , Christmas.

FINIS.



C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer, 103, Goswell Street.

I love my Jean.

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
I'd rather like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.

There wild woods grow, & rivers flow,
And mountains a' hill between;
But day & night my fancy's flight,
Is west wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet & fair;
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air.

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me of my Jean.

Written by John Barrow on 12th
to Miss ... 1755

Logan Water.

O Logan sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride,
And year's seasons have o'er us run,
Like Logan to the summer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear,
Like dreemie winter, dark & drear,
While my dear lad maun face his face,
Far, far frae me & Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May,
Has made our hills & valleys gay:
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers,
My soul delighteth as I survey,
2. { Do, Willie's far frae Logan braes } 2.
1. { Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy. } 1.

Within yon milkwhite hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings sits the thrush,
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
As wi' his song her cares beguile:
While I wi' my sweet nurselings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widowed nights & joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes

I was upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate,
As ye make many a fond, he art mourn,
So may it on your heads return!
How can your flinky hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie home to Logan trace

Sung by Emily Sulou -
Easter week. Benton, 1845



